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The Haunted Temple

Doyle

To Dr. Goldwin Smith
with the Compliments of
Edward Boyle

247 West 125th Street

New York. April 21. 1905



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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON

"MOODY MOMENTS"

The author is blind, and this fact lends something more than pathetic interest to his verse, for it furnishes the *motif* of many of his lines, and, without affectation, enables the reader to enter somewhat into the experience of one thus isolated as, for example, in the moving sonnet, "Bewitching Sleep," and in the verses, "Cherubs, I Follow Slowly."—*The Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr. Doyle has a pleasing way of expressing himself in verse. His songs are simple, tender, and from within, for the most part. Here and there, however, a note of fire is struck, and the thrill of genuine inspiration gives momentary elevation to the effect of his song.

Taking his misfortune into consideration, the conclusion is forced at once that here is a talent of high order working its way through the dark, and "remembering the light."—*New York Independent*.

Is not this man a poet?—it would be hard to deny him the name. The lines here and there we have italicized are in a high degree poetical, and the sonnets we have quoted show a rare appreciation of the value and use of that form of verse.—*The Springfield Republican*.

Mr. Doyle is to be cordially congratulated upon the extraordinary vividness of his mental vision—without which the best of eyes, aided by a microscope for the infusoria and a telescope for the planets, remain only unimaginative reporters. Among the best poems are the imaginative and powerful "Fire Bird," and the grave and noble sonnet beginning:

"Gray, venerable shepherds, who have lost
Vast numbers of their flock along the vale."

Such work as this shows the author to be not incapable of sustained verse; his talent is genuine, nourished by his brave interest in the world of humanity, from which no loss of a sense can shut out a healthful spirit.—*Boston Literary World*.

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The Haunted Temple

and Other Poems

By

Edward Doyle

Author of "Moody Moments"



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EDWARD DOYLE

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To my Wife

How awful is the ceaseless roar
Of hopes a-breaking on the shore!

The breakers flood mine isle.
Still, as my spirit has not flown,
No empty shell am I to moan;
I face the storm and smile.

The promontory furthest out,
I climb, and thence, at midnight, shout
To Dawn that all is well;
For, howso bleak the region where
The soul is sent,—oh! how prove there
Not a true sentinel?

While watching there I see a form
Walk on the billows through the storm
And scale my rocky height.
'T is Beauty's confidant and page,
Remembrance, who, at the ocean's rage,
Can only laugh outright.

What is Remembrance? Oft, I ween,
'T is Beauty—mother more than queen—
Who, masked, absents her throne,
Snatching her crown-gems, jewels rare,
To give them to her banished heir,
Whom she cannot disown.

These jewels fondly I entwine
To deck, dear Wife, that love of thine
That swam the stormy strait,
And that, despite the ceaseless roar
Of hopes a-breaking on the shore,
Smiles at my side, elate.

The Haunted Temple

The Haunted Temple

I

The day was dark with clouds and drizzling
rain,

When, through the town, I took my Sab-
bath stroll.

The church bell sounded weirdly clear. Again,

And yet again, I harkened, till my soul,

Awaking from its heavy slumber spell,

Stood, glaring, like a frozen waterfall;

For louder and deeper than the steeple bell,

Than organ, choir, and anthem, sung by all,

Was human anguish, thundering to God's

Throne

For justice, from the Temple's every stone.

II

I gazed about bewildered, for I knew

No landmark; even the Hudson was ef-
faced.

The Temple, pointing to the High and True,
 Stood on an arch above a marshy waste.
The grand surroundings held my gaze awhile.
 A hundred fountains, flashing yellow light
On mansions, greenly groved for many a mile,
 Circled on terraces, the sacred height.
The Temple greatened, and, as it enlarged,
More dreadful was the thunder it discharged.

III

I shook and had no thought but how to flee
 The place of horror. Suddenly, a hand,
Laid gently on my forehead, strengthened me
 To hear the low, sweet Voice, that bade me
 stand,
Saying: "Behold the Truth! make thou it
 plain.

 Speak, that the blood of brother be atoned.
Tell those there, that they are the kin of Cain.
 Speak boldly, though with scorn thou then
 be stoned."

"What voice have I?" I gasped. "Thy hate
 of wrong
Is voice," it answered; "Truth will make it
 strong."

IV

I gazed up at the Fane. All arts combined
To make it a grand Temple, saving solely
The art of living nobly for one's kind,
Which, drawing Grace, alone could make it
holy.

Upon memorial window panes were shown
Fata Morganas, marvellous to see.
The organ was of so profound a tone,
It ran aground along Eternity,
Thrilling one, as the grating of the Ark
On Ararat, thrilled Noah, when all was dark.

V

The spire was not the angel-luminous stair,
Dreamed by the prophet, but the lifeless
dross
Of heart and spirit, moulded high in air.
Nor did the Temple's frame with dome and
cross
Grow faster than my vision; for I saw
The architect and masons, each with eyes
Turned inward, at their work, and that the
law

Whereby they raise their temple to the
 skies
Was, in its course, antipodal,—not one
With that of the ascending stars and sun.

VI

Tho' brief my glance, I saw, too, that each
 stone
 Was hollow, and as black as soot. Yet,
 soon,
The temple sparkled, as tho' diamond-grown
 With rays in torrents from a sun at noon.
This sun was soulless opulence, whose blaze
 Seemed blessings straight from God; yet,
 to my ken,
This noon-sun that had drawn up for its rays
 The vital sparks of half my fellow-men,
Shone ghastly on the fane, the spectral dead
Moting most densely every beam it shed.

VII

“How could the Lord let such a Temple
 stand?”
I murmured low, mistrusting my clear
 sight.

My head grew giddy, and my wandering hand
Groped for support. I should have swooned
 outright,
But for rare fragrance, blown from vines with-
 out,
 That whitely clomb the Temple porch and
 wall.
“Those roses,” sighed the Mentor, stilling
 doubt,
 “Are child-souls, but for which the fane
 would fall;
'T is held up by their tendrils clinging fast
To porch and wall, when blows the judgment
 blast.”

VIII

Then Conscience, out-cast crone, who seemed
 to twist
 Her hands off, passed by me, with step cat-
 soft,
And, opening the Temple portal, hissed:
 “These hands have pointed out the drear
 aloft
Between ye and your God; how no oasis
 Relieves yon desert sands that upward
 burn!

With eyes cast down, and set, averted faces,
Ye harkened; but, ye fools! ye did not learn
The import of my message; for ye built
Your Fane to God on ground not cleared of
guilt."

IX

I trembled, and devoutly breathed a prayer,
Which always drives the Evil One away;
My Mentor fled not, but smoothed down my
hair.

I had no fear for what the world might say,
But dread of uttering falsehood troubled me;
That was abhorrent, as though I should
change
My human form to reptile, consciously,
And, fanged with poison, through the world
should range
In ambush to way-lay the witless wight.
Ah! saw I truly? "God," I cried, "Thy
light!"

X

While I stood hesitant, a vivid flare
Enveloped me. As soon as I could train
My sight to grasp an object in the glare,
I saw blue vapor where had been the Fane,

And, far below, a cavern, all a-swarm
 With writhing things. A zigzag stairway,
 rent
By lightning for the darkness of the storm
 And every foulness that, then, found no
 vent,
Led to the pit. A look down made me reel.
“Descend,” the voice said; “one to see must
 feel.”

XI

Faint grew my heart; my brow began to burn;
 I caught some object with my drowning
 clutch,
Hearing: “Man is an infant; he can learn
 But by experience—the sense of touch.
It is by sharing anguish, men grow brothers;
 One mother’s features, then, they see and
 know.
If thou descend not where the cavern smothers
 Thy kindred, how conduct those down to
 woe,
Who, truly seeing wrong, would strike it dead?
“They know not what they do!” must still be
 said.”

XII

Down was I lowered from daylight. Oh, how
bright

The clouds appeared then, to my eyes
astrain!

Oh, for a bud for my Spring-hungry sight!

No echo there relinked Joy's broken chain.

Down, down I sank. Oh, for a gulp of air,

Cupped by the Evening's hands from out
the sea!

Down, down, still down!—Can this be death?

How bear

This dissolution, and still conscious be?

I felt; the voice replied: "Descend thou
where

The coal takes blackness from the Soul's
despair."

XIII

What strata! Nor therein, as I surmised,

Was it an ancient forest that was traced;

It was the modern town—the grove capsized

From sunshine, bloom, bird-song, and fruit
to taste.

It was the home with all its happy hours,
The child as gay as the moth she could not
catch,
The youth with eyes upon Ambition's towers,
The housewife's smile, who e'er might lift
the latch,
And every face, the bloom of coast or mead—
That had been petrified by soulless Greed.

XIV

Nay, it was Man, with all the links undone,
That bound him to fair Nature. These are
laws,
Like those that bind the planets to the sun;
If broken, chaos balks the great First
Cause.

Here, shattered was Man's sacred chain—the
sight,
The hearing, smell, the taste, the touch, the
heart,
The mind, and soul from what gave them
delight.

No longer, of Creation, formed he part,
Developing, subliming. Ruined Man
Here told in rock, of God's frustrated plan.

XV

Broader and deeper grew the cavern dim.

It was all toil, I saw, where Man must
give

Heart, soul, and every gift, ennobling him,

To the Few, more mighty, for the right to
live;

Nay, must surrender, not alone himself,

But darling child, who shyly hides his face
Behind his open fingers,—ostrich elf!—

Or who, with twig for sword, struts with
grimace,

And, dimly conscious that he leads a host,—

Which he doth truly,—boldly makes his boast.

XVI

Yea, truly, 't is a host—his ragged heirs—

The Race,—he leads, when, setting out to
kill

The giant, he lifts high his sword, and
dares

The monster to appear upon the hill.

God! It is sad beyond all utterance

That, when the mighty giant does appear,

No phalanx moves to check his bold advance.
Leader and host—where are they? Peated
here,
Or turned to coal. All round, the strata
showed
Such armies, strewn on every upward road.

XVII

On them, and all, there blew a gust of rain.
A green-eyed, bat-like monster, flapping,
brushed
By me and shrieked: "Give coal a rich, red
stain;
It matters not how many hearts are
crushed."
Then, torrents fell. Ah! whence that awful
flood?
Inquired my heart. "It is the children,
wives,
Mothers, and sisters, drained of all their
blood—
Emptied of joy and hope throughout their
lives,"
Replied my Mentor. How I shook with
dread,
Hearing dire want, the Crusher, overhead!

XVIII

“On!” urged the Voice. With pity for my
kind
For forehead lamp, I crept on hands and
knees
Through narrow apertures, with many a wind,
To where I heard men moan. By slow
degrees,
And painful, one I reached. I gently raised
His form of childlike weight from off the
floor;
His heart beat, but his eyes, half shut, were
glazed.
Vainly I chafed his hands. Oh! how re-
store
A being back to hope, where air was soot?
Lifted to walk, he fell back, dead of foot.

XIX

Creeping through moaning souls, back oft I
shrank
From a deep precipice, between steep walls
That o’er me shot, as high as those that bank
The Colorado’s centipede of falls.

On leaning o'er the brink, how saw I plain
The primal crust that, from earth's Central
Fire,
Held up the caverns, mansions, and the Fane.
"What is that crust?" I queried. My de-
sire
Was answered quickly: "'T is the millions
who,
Born with God-power, are to themselves
untrue."

XX

Rising, I caused a splash. God! how I chilled!
The sound sprang up at me, a spectral
hound
On hunt of him by whom the blood was
spilled;
Then, what a pack of echoes bayed all
round!
Seized by a new, strange feeling that could find
Relief but in wild laughter, thrice aloud,
Laughed I in that dark place. God! was my
mind
Collapsing? In an instant I was cowed
By a great echo mob, who, as they passed
My laugh along, flung up their arms, aghast.

XXI

No forward step, nor back, did I dare take.

Assimilating, then, my Mentor's arm,
Round me swung Haughtiness, a mighty
snake,

Bearing me upward. Frantic with alarm,
My Mentor followed fast; but, as I rose,
His voice grew faint and fainter to mine
ear.

Up, up I shot. Ere long, my feelings froze;
For, as I vaulted from the cavern drear,
The wingéd snake's cold blood of proud dis-
dain
Of man and earth, coursed also through my
vein.

XXII

This flying serpent hissed the question: "What
Cares the Almighty for the mustard seed,
Called beauteous earth? Space, heightening,
sees it not.

Its nothingness can Reason, running, read."
I was crushed breathless. One with mighty
hands

Parted the glaring serpent soon from me,

And said, descending: "That least seed ex-
pands

The greatest of the herbs—nay, grows a
tree,

Among whose boughs shall come and lodge the
birds."

I saw new meaning in the Saviour's words.

XXIII

Strengthened, I looked about. Above me
flew

Grim, bat-like Greed,—half demon and half
brute.

It was the monster that the mighty Few

Had made with their own hands, to sub-
stitute

A loving God;—a creature hugely made

In their own likeness; one to whom they
gave

Their every breath, and whom they then
obeyed,

Though life with him was impulse to de-
prave

All human nature, and to uncreate

The world, that he might flourish ghastly-
great.

XXIV

I swooned headlong. The voice said: "Why
lie prone?"

I labored to my feet, but fell aback,
For down the roof crashed, as tho' tempest-
thrown.

Up, thro' the rift and Temple, hanging
black,
Then blood arose like flame throughout the
mine.

On high it formed a cross. Still did it rise,
Revealing shadowy, a Form Divine

With arms extended. Lurid grew the
skies;

While, from its grave, burst Echo moaningly:
"What ye do to the least, ye do to Me."

XXV

How credit what I saw? Still, if the eye
Shines starry, like the sunken well, be sure,
The stars grow not like lilies, but on high

Blaze glorious and pierce the space obscure.
Oh, Inner Light that cannot pass away!

Let suns collide and in one blaze consume,

The Word enlightening the Soul shall stay.

It was its beam, whereby, through mist,
through gloom,
Through rock, through earthcrust, and through
clouds on high,
I saw the Truth, to which I testify.

XXVI

Yea, did that crimson current, cruciform,
Ascend, ascend, till all that could be seen
Was the pierced Heart upon it, beating warm
For every suffering soul, however mean.
In its ascent, the current parted wide
From sparkling founts, that, yellowing in
hue,
Arose like solar geysers. As I eyed
The glamour on the mansions of the Few
About the Temple, how my veins ran cold;
For it was human blood, turned into gold!

XXVII

Upon the scene a sudden darkness fell—
Or, was it anguish that destroyed my sight?

A wind-rush stunned mine ears; nor could I
tell

The sea-like whirr was countless years in
flight,
Until the Temple loomed forth, inly dark.

It was a ruin; many a porch and wall
Had fallen. It was like the inky arc

O'er boreal seas, or cloud about to fall
With devastation on the breathless vale.
Still, when I looked again, it glowed, tho' pale.

XXVIII

How strange that glow! A phosphorescent
moss

Had overgrown the fane. Tho' cold the
beam

That lighted up the porches, dome and cross,

Still I admired. I marvelled at no stream
Of people toward the portals, as became

So great a Temple. "People?" said the
Voice

In mild rebuke; "There are no people! Blame
The Few, who, killing men of hopes and
joys,

Have sunk their towns in Arizonian sand.
The White race, too, has vanished from the
Land."

XXIX

I stood all tremulous. With eyes aglare
Paced Conscience there, more piteous than
before.

Gowned in her long, grave-grown, dishevelled
hair,

This outcast from the Temple trudged
footsore.

Into a grave that opened in her shade,
She flung herself. There shrank she, knees
to chin,

And, rocking to and fro, weird moanings
made.

How sleep with lidless eyes, and 'mid such
din?

Up leaped she soon, and, rushing toward the
Fane,

Sought shelter; but she was thrust out again.

XXX

Such ecstasy of anguish seized the crone,
That she grew levitant. Aloft she rose,

Tearing with both her hands, her hair, grave-
grown.

Her hands grew wings in working thus her
throes.

The Temple circled she seven times, as though

It were a viewless mountain path she clomb;
Then, like the little cloud that travellers
know

And burrow from, she loomed above the
dome,

Where she enlarged to sweep, as I discerned,
The sand oasisless, that upward burned.

XXXI

Oh! never was such sound as that which broke

Above the desert. Looking up, I saw
The Crimson Cross, and heard the Heart in-
voke

The Fatherhood for judgment by His law.
Such was the sound, it shivered into dust

The starry firmament; whereat the dark
Was shaken by these words: "Lord! Thou
art just;

No heart-beat is so faint, but Thou dost
hark;

Yet long aloud, my blood has cried to
Thee . . .
My God! My God! Hast Thou forsaken
me? . . .

XXXII

“The silence of Thy Heavens is not, indeed,
That Justice drifts across celestial space,
A soulless carcass, with no ear to heed,
And glaring sightless at the human race!
For justice lives, and reaches to the mote,
No less than mass, sustaining one and all
To do Thy purpose. Lucifer may gloat
Defiance, while on earth he stays his Fall,
And breaks Thy good to fragments sharp of
ill;
But he shall sink, confounded; 't is Thy will.

XXXIII

“Thou knowest, Lord, how for all souls I
thirst.
The chalice I would pass, were it Thy will,
Is the word to any soul: ‘Depart, accursed!’
Send unto them Thy Spirit, who work ill.

How long, how long, O Father!—oh, how
long,

This crucifixion *by mine own*—by each,
Who, knowing me, yet doth his brother
wrong!”

Then, in his own God-tongue, did he be-
seech.

It was His echo that my soul heard groan
For justice from the Temple’s every stone.

Democracy

(Lines suggested by the Grant Monument at Riverside Park, New York City.)

Though with each step he split the verdant
earth

To its red centre, starting bursts of flame
That, wind-blown, made an ashen wilderness
Of forest, field and town, Democracy
Moved forward, smiling; for he warmly felt
About his brow, the halo of God's love,
And, by its light, saw triumph through the dark.
Could he, the long-expected, long-desired,
Be now engulfed? What! he to disappear
Forever, as an island in mid-sea,
Agleam with cascades and with fruitful groves,
Except where, from the sky, the mountain
swoops,

As with the rage of hunger, and darts steep
Upon the grazing, unsuspecting wave,—
Sinks with its peak, its cascades and its groves,
The laden ships at anchor in its bay,

And with the last hope of the watching crew,
Adrift with famine, who begin anew
To cast the dice for one another's blood;
And leaves no trace, except the flocks of birds
That rise in columns, like volcanic smoke,
And scatter for the land that none can reach?
Was thus to perish bold Democracy,
The giant who had dashed a kingdom down
For meddling with his soul; then, clutching
fast

The glaring, wild Atlantic 'mid her whelps,
Freed not her fury from his grasp, until
He reached the region where he walked with
God,

Unhampered by the whim or craft of Kings?
Democracy, that shook the sleeping wilds
And woke them into cities with his will;
Then, seized invading despotdom and hurled
Its bleeding carcass, like a thunder-bolt,
Back to the old world thro' the clouds of war,
Declaring with a voice that shook from
Heaven,

All the ill stars foredooming men at birth:
"In this New World shall thrive no Old World
wrong!"

Democracy, to perish in the act

Of towering on a mound of myriad men
Into the sky, and flinging from our shore,
With his fierce, lifted hands, and all his might,
The storm-mouthed monster of the Despot's
get,

That from its lairs, the caverns in the South,
Roamed rashly toward our mountains and
broad plains,

To crush beneath its soul-destroying wrath,
Our brethren, dark of face, in multitudes
Beyond all reckoning, except of justice
That counts the unshed tear, and asks of Cain:
"Where is thy brother?" though the skulking
soul

Be but the murmur in the smallest shell,
Imbedded in the marl beneath the deep?

"No," spake forth God. Transfigured and
refreshed

By that almighty voice, Democracy,
Haloed of brow, drew back his giant arms
Above him, like a bow, and, with a spring,
Hurled forth the monster, raising soon, a jet
From the abysmal billows into Heaven
In such a volume, it will never cease
To fall in sunny showers upon our land,
And form a rainbow all around the globe.

The Searching Swallow

Over meadow, hill and hollow,
Long of sweep, or eddying,
Scuds the twittering, purple swallow,
Feathered, restless Soul of Spring.

Low he skims. If oft he dips,
'T is to rise a-gleam with dew
From his crest to pinion tips,
As his soul were shining through.

Rest he never takes; but flies
On his search from dawn to night.
Storms that drag down scarlet skies,
See ahead his twinkling flight.

Wherefore scuds the purple swallow,
Long of sweep, or eddying,
Over meadow, hill and hollow?
Why not perch and fold his wing?

Finds he not on all the earth,
Fare to satisfy his heart?
Has he cravings, too, from birth,
For what earth cannot impart?

Seeks he for the seed his race
Fed on, ere the angel flew
Over Eden, stern of face,
And from heaven the comet drew?

From the Feast 11 Rise Trustful

I

On the wreck of his hope—its last remnant—
last rafter—

Man whirled in a vortex, with planets
charred black.

One dense darkness was both the Before and
the After.

Had Creation been merely a hurricane's
track,

And the sun in the welkin, the Soul in the
world,

Been but deserts caught up, that took fire as
they swirled?

II

All the human had shrunken to one, and
that I!

Though a leaf had the strength of its oak,
what avail

In a whirl that was drawing the orbs from on
high!

So I whirled till sucked down. Could the
human help fail,
When Divinity, dogged to the ultimate height,
Must have plunged to his death? He was
nowhere in sight.

III

I awoke! I awoke! I awoke from the slumber
Of mind, and about me were mountains
most steep.

Ah, what ranges the billions, whose bodies
encumber

This planet by day as by night with their
sleep!

I awoke, and ah, where was the whirl without
gleam?

It remained—where it only could be—in my
dream.

IV

On arising, my impulse was first to awaken
The corpses about me, that mountained the
ground;

For what wings for the world has our trans-
port, when shaken
To life by mute blasts from the beauty
around,
And we list to the lark, as ascends he afar
On the breeze from dew-sparkle to twinkle of
Star!

v

As I gathered my thoughts like a garment
about me,
To meet with becoming respect, One august
Who had halted his host in the hills just with-
out me,—
A herald thus hailed me: "Withhold not
thy trust.
What but 'Welcome,' engraven in gold, is the
East?
All horizons are hands that direct to a feast."

vi

On a mountain rose beauty, an edifice cloying
My spirit afar with its festival glare,
And aloud spake a voice: "All is thine for
enjoying."
What sculptures and paintings! what crown-
gems! and where

A refreshment in phantasy's fruitfulest land,
Like the vintages, served by the Monarch's
own hand?

VII

In a chalice of Starlight, He pours out the
strongest
Of cordials celestial for me, lest when I
Turn my face toward drear death, of all deserts
the longest,
I faint as the whirlings of dust mount on
high.
What the wine? It is Harmony,—surely a
strength
To my mind for that desert, whatever its
length.

VIII

Of His richest, old wines that refreshen my
vigor,
Unselfishness for an ideal sublime,
As of saints who, in plague, or in winter's
worse rigor,
Relieve the afflicted, is surely the prime.
No libation, not even from yonder blue bowl,
Effervescent with stars, gives such strength to
the Soul.

IX

What a chalice of music, with lark and with
linnet

And robins engraven! though fleetingly
frail

Is the chalice of odor, what tropics are in
it!

What poetry, then, in a luminous grail!
Though I drink of all meads, and, in truth,
have my fill,
He persists in confirming His kindest will.

X

If a hint He vouchsafe, though by figure
obscurely,

That over the Nebulæ-resonant roof,
There is glory for me, how requite Him so
poorly

As shut my soul's eyes in His face and beg
proof?

Nay, extending five fingers, demand that He
must

Put all Truth in their closure, or forfeit my
trust!

XI

From the feast I rise trustful. I know how
abysmal

And mountainous, too, is the dark to tra-
verse

From matter to spirit; but, surely, the dismal
Has bounds; and if clouds should be hard
to disperse,

'T is because, in His goodness, God wants me,
in sooth,

To be almost His peer by my Faith in His
Truth.

Oft, My Babe! I fancy So

Baby sleeps. How sweet her smile!
She awakes, and still it lingers.
Is her smile the lambent fingers
Of the angel, who, the while,
Strokes her cheek and loathes to go?
Oft, my Babe! I fancy so.

Serious now is baby's face.
Does her waking soul compare
Us in shade with sprites in the glare
That, from Heaven, through rifts of Grace,
Falls aslant on earth below?
Oft, my Babe! I fancy so.

The Star of the Twilight

I

Come, star of the twilight! 't is time for thy coming.

The cow for her loneliness dolefully lows,
Astray on the wayside; no bee now is humming,

Except one o'erladen and shut in the rose;
While Eve, like a sightless, sad maiden, beguiling

The pain of her spirit, is beading the dew,
With eyelids cast down, yet with countenance smiling,

Because of her trust that her star will be true.

II

Thou comest, O star, in response to my yearning!

Aye, comest, and being of dawn—to my ken—

As well as of dusk, I behold in thy burn-
ing,
A beckoning onward forever to men.
How Reverie, moved by thy influence, rises!
How swiftly its current, unaided by oar,
Bears off from the wrecks of my sanguine
emprises,
Reflection—my craft, made of hulks washed
ashore!

III

Out, over the wonderful depths of forever
Where flaring, rich golden, all glorious
days
Are lamp-fish a-circling, — I wander, but
never
For more than a moment lose sight of thy
blaze.
Yet lo! thou art gone! the seas search for thy
splendor.
Thou turnest from earth in no pallor of
flight,
But goest above to Jehovah, to tender
Thy homage in secret to Him on the
Height.

IV

To gates that ope gray and, behind thee,
 shut golden,
 I follow. How stay with the Titans that
 loom
 Grotesque, and that grating out jargons,
 embolden
 Each other to utterance more harsh in the
 gloom,
 Until one, ascending the mountain of madness,
 Cries out to the races all over the earth:
 "Come, perish together; rid earth of her sad-
 ness!"
 As life were but travail with Horror for
 birth!

V

For peace so inglorious, surely I long not,
 Whatever my anguish. Whatever reverse
 Defeats my endeavor, the Father I wrong not
 By deeming His prompting incessant, a
 curse.
 I know it is little that I have discernéd;
 How count, then, the Total? Before I
 became,

What truths, with their orbits round earth,
may have burnéd?
And, when I depart, what new thousands
may flame!

VI

When, therefore, I ponder on Wisdom's re-
vealing
Through nature and prophet, and fancy a
void,
I doubt not that thither a planet is wheel-
ing
More fulgent than any the world has en-
joyed.
How question that orbs of a Roentgen-Ray
sparkle
Illumine all voids that the mind can con-
ceive?
If not, that truths rise, as dost thou, till they
darkle
In glory to teach us to soar—to believe?

VII

Belief is the flight of the spirit; and, surely,
Wherever the Light in its fulness is stayed,

The spirit can soar where thou poisest se-
curely,

And see that the darkness is Substance's
shade;

Nay, pendant with thee, it can bask on the
far side,

In Morning unbroken; and oh! can discern
That Substance, though often a night without
star-side,

Is Love, that for atoms has vistas eterne.

Faith

Faith, a child with angel sight,
Leads the soul through Nature's night.
Winds are moths about her light.

What the taper that she bears?
Reason that, raised Heavenward, flares.
Whence the flame? Ask stars whence theirs.

Could the hand that lights the sun,
Stars and planets, every one,
Pass the soul and leave it dun?

They Were Human Features

A Dream

What legions! could an eagle
Pass them in a whole year's flight?
They thronged the mountains, flashing
Like snow from every height.
Oh, how mine eye was ravished,
How joy streamed forth in tears,
For theirs were human features
I had not seen for years!

On roads, and on steel bridges
O'er rivers, dark and fleet,
They marched with tread that sounded
One hammer's regular beat;
Yet, tho' they forged the mountains
A ladder to the Spheres,
What cared I? I saw only
Their features thro' my tears.

O'er Winter, chained to summits,
Adown the glad Spring flew
In meteoric greenness
That changed to every hue;
Yet oh! what was that splendor,
Tho' trebled by clouds and meres,
Beside those human features
I had not seen for years!

Like lightning, world-wide, halting,
How scanned I every face!
And, wild with dread of losing
The eye-clasp of my race,
How, like a dead man, wakened
After a thousand years,
I gloated, gloated, gloated,
Till joy drained all my tears!

What was the martial music,
That drew from every coast,
Dark forest, swamp, and desert,
That mountain-scaling host?
The vision of each other,
Which stirred them, till, with cheers,
They took at Dawn, the places,
Held night-long by the spheres.

The Song of the Soul

In joyous, skyey flight
I skim along,
All day and through the night,
With bursts of song.

“All through the night,” said I?
There is no night
About me, for I fly
From light to light.

My shadow may be seen
In seas of tears,
But I soar on serene
And lead the spheres.

On, on I soar to learn
That Life, in sooth,
*Is to soar on and yearn
For Boundless Truth.*

What, then, is Rest? Is Peace
Pursuit for ever?
'T is God without surcease,
Though wholly, never.

Liberty Bell

(Written in honor of Cæsar Rodney, the Delaware delegate to the Provincial Congress at Philadelphia, whose vote enabled the friends of Liberty to pass the Declaration of Independence, on Thursday, July Fourth, Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six.)

Liberty Bell without a tongue,
Over the Hall of Congress, swung.
True was its metal, and wrought well;
Yet, as it swayed, no one could tell
Whether it ever, or soon, would sound.
“Find Rodney,—quick!” the cry went round.

Far in the field, drear miles away,
Rodney was arming for the fray.
Learning that he, and he alone,
Could give that bell eternal tone,
How, through a cloud of wood and weed,
He spurred and spurred his lightning steed!

Liberty Bell without a tongue,
Over the Hall of Congress, swung.

Rightward and left, it swung for hours.
Whether the Dawn, or Midnight Powers,
That wrestled on high, would win the bell
For silence, or sound, no one could tell.

Out of the cloud of wood and weed,
Village and town, dropt Rodney's steed.
Into the Hall the rider sprang,
Touched the bell, and, God! it rang!
Rang! Rang a grand sunrise of sound,
Awaking Man the whole world round!

Harlem

(On its retreat from Long Island, the American Army was saved from annihilation by the gallantry of Colonel Knowlton, Major Leitch, and the men under their command, who checked the British at Harlem, September 16, 1776. The Columbia University occupies the historic site.)

I

Look! On Harlem's blood-drenched sod,
Freedom kneels and pleads with God.
Heart-split, how her arms invoke,
Like a lightning-sundered oak!

II

Up she leaps with whitening rage,
For her child, the Future Age,
With his face hid in her skirt,
Tugs in dread of mortal hurt.

III

Circling her, the dauntless few
Dash and slash with sabre true.
How their every zigzag blow
Gleams with souls, wrenched from the foe!

IV

Knowlton draws his hand, dyed red,
From his breast, and waves ahead;
Leitch cries, falling: "On to the foes!
Tend to me at the battle's close."

V

Look! Almighty Justice' form
Stands against the greatening storm—
Stands, and, sheltering the few,
Shows His face to human view.

The Father of our Naval Glory

(During the action between the *Alliance* and the British ships of war, the *Atlanta* and *Trepassy* May 28, 1781, Commodore John Barry was so severely wounded that he was forced to leave the deck for treatment. While his gaping wound on the right shoulder was being dressed by the surgeon, the officer in charge of the *Alliance* came below to his commander to say that they were overpowered and would be annihilated, if they did not strike their colors. "Strike my flag? Never!" shouted Barry, and bounding up the companionway to the deck, he so inspired his men that after a desperate struggle of four hours, the British ships surrendered. Sir William Howe had offered Commodore Barry £20,000 and the command of a British squadron, if he would desert the cause of freedom.)

I

"The foe!" a voice yelled from the mast.
The Captain raised his glass and spied
Two vessels. "Give them chase," he cried.
He cleared the deck for action fast,
And then spake thus: "Howe wanted me
To take his squadron; I declined;
But, seeing it, I change my mind.
Lads, help me take it—from the sea!"
"Hurrah! hurrah!" husked out the crew;
And faster the *Alliance* flew.

II

“Fire, lads!” he cried. What mainyard crash
Echoed his cannon! Oh! how blazed
His eyes, like battles, when, joy-crazed,
He balked the foe’s concerted dash!
They tacked, and, smoking still, hove nigh.
Was Fate to close those ships like shears,
On Freedom’s pennon which, ’mid cheers,
This sailor had been first to fly?
Urging his gunners where out-worn,
He fell, and from the deck was borne.

III

“Surgeon,” he hissed, “quick with your knot.
How lie here while the fight goes on?
We are a-whaling, and, anon,
Those bulls, harpooned by our sure shot,
Will be hauled in. Oh! ’t is a catch
That will supply the oil to light
Freedom’s dark camp for many a night!”
How his wild eyes lit up the hatch,
When a subaltern came, wry-faced
From words in his mouth, not to his taste.

IV

The man, all powder-smeared, bent low
 To the stretched Captain, as he spake:
 "We 're overpowered, and save we take
 The colors down at once, Sir——" "No!
 Aloft they stay!" bold Barry roared.

Up leaped he from the surgeon's grip.—
 How hold the lightning?—that dead ship
 Took life from him. Both sides, it poured
 Out, crater-like, until, at last,
 The foes drew *their* flag from the mast.

V

He manned those ships; nor, till his men
 Veered them toward shore, felt he his wound;
 And, when, below, the gash was bound,
 He hastened to the deck again.
 Aloft, clouds brewed; but these were hurled
 Asunder, and, twin-bursts, they swelled
 The seas peak-high; yet he beheld
 A rarer sight—a rescued world!
 And knew the arch in Heaven to be
 His valor shining through the sea.

VI

How honor him who never struck
His Colors, but fought on, though gory,—
The Father of our Naval Glory?
Hast thou, Old Sea, seen grander pluck?
Hast thou in thy memorial deep
A purer pearl than Barry's deed?
Search with thy million hands and knead
The countless ages in thy keep.
Lo! how his soul lives in his sons
Where e'er they sail with Freedom's guns!

Memorial Trees on Washington Heights

(Thirteen trees were planted by Alexander Hamilton at the Grange, Washington Heights, New York City, in commemoration of the States that took part in the Revolution. The trees have been reduced to seven by the storms of a hundred years.)

Not idle is this armless band.

They murmur not, with head to head,
What only they can understand.

Hush, Traffic! Here, walk soft of tread.

Without a leafy whisper, where

Once camped the dauntless, sorely-tried,
They look aloft, and lo! we share
Their vision of the glorified.

Though Brooklyn's meadow, Harlem's Height
And all surrounding hills were erst
Steep stairs in Freedom's headlong flight,
How shines on high the scene reversed!

How, in the air of bright renown,
Those battles all are soaring stairs

To Freedom's feet, till, lo! a crown
Of stars she takes from Heaven and wears.

With mute star-tread about the throne
Of Freedom, move with cheer benign,
The bold Thirteen—oh, Glory's own
Who worldward beck with wands that
shine!

In storm, or calm, no idle band—
The veteran trees on yonder croft.
Before them many an age shall stand,
And, reverential, look aloft.

The East River Prison Hulks

(During the Revolution fifteen thousand American patriots perished in the British prison-hulks, anchored in the East River.)

Haste in your rush, morn, noon, and night,
Across these bridges, thoughtless throng!
How haste, when from this stream the song
Of freeman's scorn of brutal might—
The pæan raised to freedom, erst,
If touched by thought, renews its burst!

Below, the dark pest hulks were moored,
Where thousands rotted in the hold.
Oh! such the horrors daily doled
To Freedom's noblest, chain-secured,
They heard with more delight than dread,
Each morn's salute: "Turn out your dead."

Of all the huddled brave, but one
Abjured his faith to gain the shore.
Beast-like, they licked the hardened gore

Within the hulk-hold cold and dun,
Rather than let a brooklet clear
Reflect their stoop of baseness near.

What! do ye grudge a moment's stand,
When Fancy touches Freedom's slain?
Hark! hear the chords of their disdain
Of all thought but to free their land.
What music—nay, arch-trumpet call!
Echo, ye groves of steeples tall!

Wake, O ye dead—ye who forget
Due reverence to deeds sublime.
'T is a dead country in quicklime
That to the past pays not its debt.
Halt, then, a moment, thoughtless throng,
To hear this river's sacred song.

Grant

(At the obsequies of General Grant at Riverside Park the warships in the Hudson boomed at intervals of one minute.)

Boom, O ye warships! boom, each minute
boom!

Ye voice the gratitude we fain would shout.
Boom! for ye rouse not from the distant deep,
The monster fratricidal war, to rear
Its hideous head amid the Heavens, and make
The rising, roving and insatiate sun,
Its coldly glittering eye to search the land
For youth and manhood at the school and
plough.

Boom, O ye warships! for ye rouse no more
The creature that, with coils of chaos, wound
About our country, crushing out her life
In streams of gore, that, like the Deluge, left
Not one green herb; the creature that, for
years,

Disported storm-like in the crimson flood
With such wild rage, its ceaseless splashes
drenched

The four horizons to the furthest home.
Yea, boom, O warships! ye make audible
The heart-throbs of the millions on the shore;
For they forget not who, at last, struck down
The monstrous Thing and cast it in the sea;
And, when its carcass of revenge and hate
Rose on the waters—Oh! a ghastliness
That, high as heaven, would have shut out the
 sun,
And have bred pestilence from age to age—
Who loosed it from the swamps and fissured
 rocks
With gentle word, whereat the day and night
Became a tempest and a tidal wave
Against the horror, so that now it drifts
Among the icebergs that chill not the child,
Held in the father's arms upon the shore.

Sonnets

By the Door

If, by the door, at crimson eve, I stand,
 'T is not to watch the clouds or sea-fowl fly,
 But listen, dearest, to thy lullaby
Which leads our darling, like a loving hand,
Down slumber's dark descent, when, zephyr-
 fann'd
 By the sweet heaven of knowing thou art
 nigh,
 Her blue eyes close, and lost becomes her
 cry
In her red lips' glad smile in wonderland.

Thy song is prophecy of days afar;
 And oh, as faint and fainter falls thy note,
 Thy love appears a lark in heaven remote,
Companioning from Eve, its peerless star,
 To Hope's red morn, that bursts all clouds
 afloat.
Ah! how but linger at the door, ajar?

Beatrice

Oh, while my baby sleeps, what fancies rise!
A sparkling dew, all tremulous, she seems,
On Slumber's crimson - opening bud of
dreams.

Cease, Zephyr! hold thy breath; nor move
thine eyes.

Lo! angels deem her sleep auroral skies,
And float thereunder from the crescent's
beams.

Oh, God be praised that, while with woe
earth teems,
It is on Gideon's fleece my infant lies!

O Beatrice! my love spreads azure-wide
Above thy slumber, and, star-lighted,
reaches

The Father whom no soul in vain beseeches.
It craves for thee the joys that cross the tide,
When the dark seas that roar along Life's
beaches

With threat of chaos, hear God and divide.

'T is now Three Decades

'T is now three decades since the shores of
light

With their green forests, cities, peaks of
blue,

And wandering birds were blasted from my
view,

And I have been storm-tossed from blight to
blight.

Despair, the awful shape that looms to sight

O'er the calm waters where, if one pursue

His quest, he perishes with all his crew,

Has hourly risen, and put my craft to flight.

But now I face the monster. Let him loom

Above me, with his lurid, gloating eyes,

And shake the ocean's surge and clouded
skies

With thunderous threat of my impending
doom,

If triumph is the port of my emprise;

My Will harpoons this monster of the gloom.

To a Child Reading

My darling! spell the words out. You may
creep

Across the syllables on hands and knees,
And stumble often, yet pass me with ease
And reach the spring upon the summit steep.
Oh, I could lay me down, dear child! and
weep

These charr'd orbs out, but that you then
might cease

Your upward effort, and, with inquiries,
Stoop down and probe my heart too deep,
too deep!

I thirst for knowledge. Oh, for an endless
drink!

Your goblet leaks the whole way from the
spring—

No matter; to its rim a few drops cling,
And these refresh me with the joy to think
That you, my darling! have the morning's
wing

To cross the mountain, at whose base I sink.

A Hundred Gates of Brass

Around me are a hundred gates of brass,
At each of which I knock with heart and
brain.

Feeling each gate, I make out but too plain
The sentence: "By this way thou canst not
pass."

With naked feet I walk on molten glass
From gate to gate, and shake each bar in
vain.

Ah! hearing but too well the martial strain
Within the walls, how help but sigh "alas!"

I kneel, and with my finger which I char,
I rudely sketch a meditative soul
On the white loam, with Nature's Runic
scroll

In both his hands, and, over him, a star
That sheds light on each page. No drum's
wild roll

Distracts me, then; the host has marched afar.

Wall Street

I look up, but find little to extol

In these tall structures. They appear to
me

Great mausoleums; for, in them, I see
Men with shut eyes and without heart or soul.
Though on each door is writ in golden scroll,
"The way to Freedom," Greed, who holds
the key,
Smiles grimly; for, the Ghoul! no thought
has he

To let a mortal out from his control.

Vainly the sun cries out: "Help me to right
The human ship, awry in Summer's tide;
Help, help me on the heart and spirit side!"
Ah! when the men with more than morning's
might

To right that ship, help not, how gaze with
pride
On their entombment to a giddy height?

Beyond

The azure is a magnifying lens

To angels o'er it, poised in ecstasy.

A good grows grander up to where they be,
And only good can ever reach their kens.

A good deed, hid from us by reedy fens,

Or river mist, lights leagues of lake and lea
To their rapt glance; and, oft, 't is bloom
where we

See only crimson trails to lions' dens.

A magnifying lens, 't is truly; still,

It bulkens not our selfish meannesses

Beyond the worm's small maw, which is
their size.

No pageantry to Chaos, though it fill

The whole world, but the Movement unto
Peace,

Reaches yon watchers through the lensing
skies.

Grace

Who that knows Life—the weakness of our
Will

And fury of temptation—will exalt

Himself above his brother, sunk in fault?

Loose is the soil we grasp, and steep the hill.

Oft, when most confident of strength and
skill,

We fall and reach the frog-pool, ere we halt.

Hark! hear the stir of thousands, wild to
vault!

No soul, wherever sunk, can rest stone-still.

Oh! how temptations flash whenever we

Attain a foothold on a lofty rock,

Stand and look round! They blind us with
their shock.

O Grace, whose glint of wing I faintly see

Through fog of bat-like fiends that round
me mock,

Break through, break through, and take me
up with thee!

The Spirit's Chant

With aspirations up the Spirit wings,
Beating abysmal darkness toward the Light.
Above, poise Angel hosts to watch its
flight

From out the whirl where downward plunge
all things.

Born for cerulean soaring, up it sings,
Its carol guiding dim-eyed Dawn aright.
Up, up it soars; for ah! its pinion might
Increases with its struggles and its stings.

Hark to its joyous chant: "Let torrents fall;
They cannot drown me, nor whirl me
adrift;

I scud up through the lightning's zigzag
rift

And laugh down at the clouds that would
appal;

Yea, for God gives me pinions, strong and
swift,

To beat down storms and heed His skyward
call."

When Love it Was

All nature does my soul assimilate,
For what but manna all the things that are?
The earth, the sun, the moon, and every
star
Melt in my mind, and form such nourishing
cate,
I grow a god. Ah, then, I contemplate
My whitherward! for clouds rise, bar on
bar,
Perturbed with dawn waves by the planet
jar
Of Infinite Power which I, perplexed, await.

Beneath me, Nature's myriad peaks of snow
Melt and become the freshet of an hour.
I tremble at the roar; but do not cower!
Oh! what have I to fear, when well I know,
That Love it was, who breathed me out of
nought,
And made me god-like with transcendent
thought?

Yet Ever Rising Slowly

My soul seems drowning fast; yet, if to-day,
I sink down to the bottom of the deep,
Where only grim, misshapen creatures
creep,

And, in its awful roar, I swoon away,
I rise to-morrow to the Nebulæ,
Whence dazzling constellations start and
sweep,

Proclaiming by the orbits that they keep,
A Master whom 't is glory to obey.

I catch a trailing star, and, circling space,
Behold below a Countenance Benign
Reflected in the billows; then, divine
Down in the darkest depths, the human race
Contending with the monsters of the brine,
Yet ever rising slowly, stirr'd by Grace.

The Ideal

All men were gathered by the broad, blue
stream,

When, from the shore, an angel flung a
shell.

Along the surface, how it rose and fell,
Sun-like! It was the Truth. Its glorious
gleam

Some saw and followed, and, though, it
would seem,

They sank beneath the storm's terrific
swell,

The Angel smiled and said: "Lo! they
swim well,

Who, though submerged, still struggle toward
the beam."

Buoyant with joy, the Angel followed them

Across ten thousand night-falls of the brine.

His crimson shadow made those waters wine.

O happy they whom tide, nor storm, could
stem!

For, when, at last, they reached the shore
divine,

Each found the shell and got its priceless gem.

To a Child in Heaven

It is not thou who art within the tomb
This morning, but my spirit, darling child!
Thou art arisen; but I, not reconciled
To thy departure, feel the damp and gloom
Of deep inclosure from the summer's bloom,
And the warm sun, now bright, as when he
smiled,
Beholding thee, a spirit undefiled,
Pass him in Heaven from evil and its doom.

I rise, for, from the grave, Faith rolls the
stone;
And, as Time's shining arch, of which the
years
Are swiftly-changing rain-drops, disappears,
And darkness skulks away to die alone,
My grateful thoughts gush forth to God,
like tears,
That evil, Aubrey! thou hast never known.

To my Sister

O Sister! truly is thy other name
Self-Sacrifice. What years thy tireless eyes
Have borne me upward! for, if through the
 skies
My soul has soared above the smoke and
 flame
From earth, reduced to ash and dust, whence
 came,
 But from thy sight, my glimpse of how to
 rise?
 Whence, too, the vigor for my long em-
 prise?
Ah! from thy faith in me and in my aim.

To whirl in black eruption—what a doom!
 Ah! if not for thine eyes that gave me
 sight
 Of azure, and thy faith that urged my
 flight,
How could I have escaped the crater's fume?
 I should have fallen headlong, senseless
 quite,
And stirr'd to flame the ashen depths of
 gloom.

II

Ah! if this life were bounded by the tomb—
If Love, Hope, Faith and noble deed were
all

Dashed back in fragments by the granite
wall—

If passionate longings were but forms that
loom

Above the field of battle lost—if doom

Gathered all clouds for one dire thunder-
fall,

That would bring down the heavens and
leave no small,

Blue space on high for one star-seed to bloom—

Then, I should madden at Pelée's blown
blaze

Turning town after town in ashen heap,

And cry out: "God, thou nightmare of my
sleep!"

But, in the densest darkness, strange light
plays

On Life's tall mast. Whence comes that
flame aleap,

But from shore lights Beyond? There we
shall praise.

Is Life All Downward Root?

Ah! there are times I miss the morning's
trail.

Hill after hill I climb, but glean no glint.

No steps I see, but those of nightfall's print,
And these I follow deep, though oft I quail.

Where wander I, forsooth? Oh, where the
pale,

Brief star-sparks, struck by night from
azure's flint,

Burn out, ere they illumine with a hint
That life is aught but gnarled and fruitless
bale!

Is life all downward root? I soar blue space

To find aloft a glimpse of bud, or bloom,

Or waft of fragrance; all is stifling gloom.

About to fall headlong, I gasp, when grace,

A breeze born by the bursting of Christ's
tomb,

Revives me, and I lift a trustful face.

Mental Orbits

What if bold thinkers, like great planets,
swing

Beyond my vision and in mirk decline?

Their orbits may be more immense than
mine.

Our mental orbits—oh, how varying!

Some are no broader than a pasture ring;

While others girdle Heaven—nay, seven-
fold, shine

A halo round the head of God benign;

Or trail dark nether space with bloom, like
Spring.

If, from the mass of mist, a star doth swerve

And draw a cluster to the East, or West,

Or sweep beyond, it heeds Divine behest.

What! if an orb describe a larger curve

Than mine can take, know I all regions
blest

That I should say: "No good yon star can
serve?"

A Sunset Scene

Oft, on the wall at Riverside, I lean
And watch the clouds pass round their
monarch dead,
To take last leave, and some memorial
shred.

At times they burn with such prismatic sheen
And shapes so multifarious that, I ween,
The chaos, hurled ablaze on high, is fed
By Time's proud Empires, thunderous once
of tread,
And all forms monstrous, that have ever been.

Oh! could my soul behold the ruthless wrong
Of man toward man, that, clouding earth
and sky,
Makes blazing Love a rayless orb on high,—
Lift, and, transmuted golden, sweep along
To meet the clouds, on which the Lord
draws nigh
With Truth triumphant, 'mid seraphic song!

The Palisades

Bold herd with horns flung back and startled
gaze,

How ye inspire my fancy! Were ye, erst,
So thunder-stricken by the Hudson's burst
Among you, ye are still filled with amaze?
What! does its meteoric beauty daze

Your sight so, ye know hunger not, nor
thirst?

Nor long to herd unsundered, as at first,
And hence, stir not, nor stoop to drink, or
graze?

Wild herd, ye are too sacred for the mart!

Above you, Beauty, cap-a-pie agleam,
Stands guard forever. How with scorn
supreme

She smites vile Trade that, with blind Earth-
quake's art,

Would drive you from Manhatta's sight and
dream,

And leave not of your herd, a single hart!

Dame Murray of Bloomingdale

The foe was galloping in hot pursuit
Of Washington, when from an arbor came,
With roses in her hand, a gentle dame,
Who stood before the vanguard. Her salute
Drew the gay captain from his rearing brute
Down to her side. He said: "In the good
king's name,"—
His voice low, laden more with love than
blame,—
"Why this rash deed?" She looked up and
stood mute.

He caught her arm and hiss'd: "Duty to-day."
She pinn'd a rose on him, the whole while
chidden;
Then said, heart-choked: "Good Sir! I do
this, bidden
By duty—to my land." He dashed away,
But not before her countrymen, grove-
hidden,
Had gained the hill and formed fresh for the
fray.

Erin

At early dawn, while yet the earth lay dark
In slumber, with no fair or noble dream,
The Angel, Inspiration, all agleam,
Lowered with a grail containing Learning's
spark.

On thy green shore, she found such resinous
bark,

She made thy hill an altar, and its beam
Lighted not only thine own lake and stream,
But dazzled all the world from stupor stark.

There burst a blast, at length, that whirled
the fire

In black and crimson columns through the
air.

Where fell the blaze, up sprang a sunrise
glare.

Yet, tho' for ages blew the blast most dire,
It never, Erin! swept thy altar bare
Of flames to Heaven; nor made them Free-
dom's pyre.

The Jews in Russia

From town and village to a wood, stript bare,
As they of their possessions, see them
throng.

Above them grows a cloud; it moves along,
As flee they from the circling wolf pack's
glare.

Is it their Brocken-Shadow of despair,
The looming of their life of cruel wrong
For countless ages? No; their faith is
strong

In their Jehovah; that huge cloud is prayer.

A flash of light, and black the despot lies.
What thunder round the world! 'T is
transport's strain
Proclaiming loud: "No righteous prayer is
vain.

No God-imploring tears are lost; they rise
Into a cloud, and, in the sky remain,
Till they draw lightning from Jehovah's
eyes."

The Arch of Light

Across the ocean shines an arch of Light,
An Isthmus from the Old World to the New.
It is a stretch of peaks, hung high and true,
That raise man to a rapt, supernal height.
Beneath this arch, Wealth, War, all worldly
 might,
Drift with the sun, the moon, the starry
 blue
And all huge hates, the clouds of blackest
 hue,
That growl and glare back lightning in their
 flight.

The Arch swings forward. What if lands and
 seas
Change places? It will reach the sea's
 new lift
Of summits, and will draw the human
 throng
To rapt encampments in the azure's peace
From all things less than soul, that down-
 ward drift;
For it is Music and the poet's Song.

Beauty

Beauty is Life. It is the growth agleam
That sets the floweret and the warbler's
wing
Upon the march of glad, ascending Spring;
The growth that, while it makes the features
beam,
Of man and woman, and of deed and dream,
Stirs them to move with every vernal thing;
For ah! the life of my rapt visioning
Is one with all, approaching Love Supreme.

The art that shrinks aloof from bird and
flower
In inspiration Godward, perisheth;
'T is mock Creation in the mould of Death.
What, then, is Beauty? 'T is the upward
power,
Aglow in man and star, blown by God's
breath,—
Creation at its culminating hour.

The Discovery

Illumed with feast and moated far from fret,
For ages stood the monarch's citadel.

Ah! hardy was the host in fen and fell,
That, tho' by famine and by plague beset,
Lived on with no mistrust, until they met
One night, in answer to the tocsin bell,
And, plunging thro' the marshes, fought so
well,

The castle was relieved from hostile threat.

What, then? returning home with fife and
drum,

The host marched round and round, and
each, elate,

Entered the castle, whence, precipitate,
All fled in horror and with pale lips dumb!

The King had long been dust; his chair of
state

Had, ages gone, a catafalque become.

The Sun's Way

The sun's way is the soul's way unto Thee,
O Father! thou hast not made for Thine
own,

A dark and narrow passage to Thy Throne,
But the broad highway. No dark pass have
we

To scale up, jut by jut, where we can see
Our way but by Fear's flashes, and the
stone

Above us, bears, when mounted, one alone,
Or, most, a remnant of humanity.

The sun's way is thro' love made manifest,
Called Beauty. There he climbs no eremite
For rapt aloofness, but to lift mankind;
And, bending with wide arms of season's
blest,

He bears the host, simple of heart, to sight
Of Thee, no less than those of subtle mind.

Soul

When you see darkness roam the world around,
Devouring every living thing below
And over him, the constellations' glow
As well as tree and plant that tribe the ground,
You gasp for breath, though sheltered from
his bound;

How much more I, who feel his talon's
blow!

Look! in his jaws he drags me to and fro,
Or, pausing, laps my life from many a wound.

Yet, there is that in me that baffles him—
That heals my every gash—nay, raises me
Beyond his teeth and talons' crunch and
tear.

'T is Soul that, heightening to seraphim
With thought of God, leaves, in its ecstasy,
The dark below to growl and sniff the air.

Chime, Dark Bell!

My life is in deep darkness; still, I cry
With joy to my Creator: "It is well!"
Were worlds my words, what firmaments
would tell

My transport at the consciousness that I,
Who was not, Am! To Be—oh, that is why
The awful convex dark in which I dwell,
Is tongued with joy, and chimes a temple
bell

Antiphonally to the choirs on high!

Chime cheerily, dark bell! for, were no more
Than consciousness my gift, this were to
know

The Giver Good,—which sums up all the lore
Eternity can possibly bestow.

Chime! for thy metal is the molten ore
Of the great stars, and marks no wreck
below.

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Author Doyle, Edward

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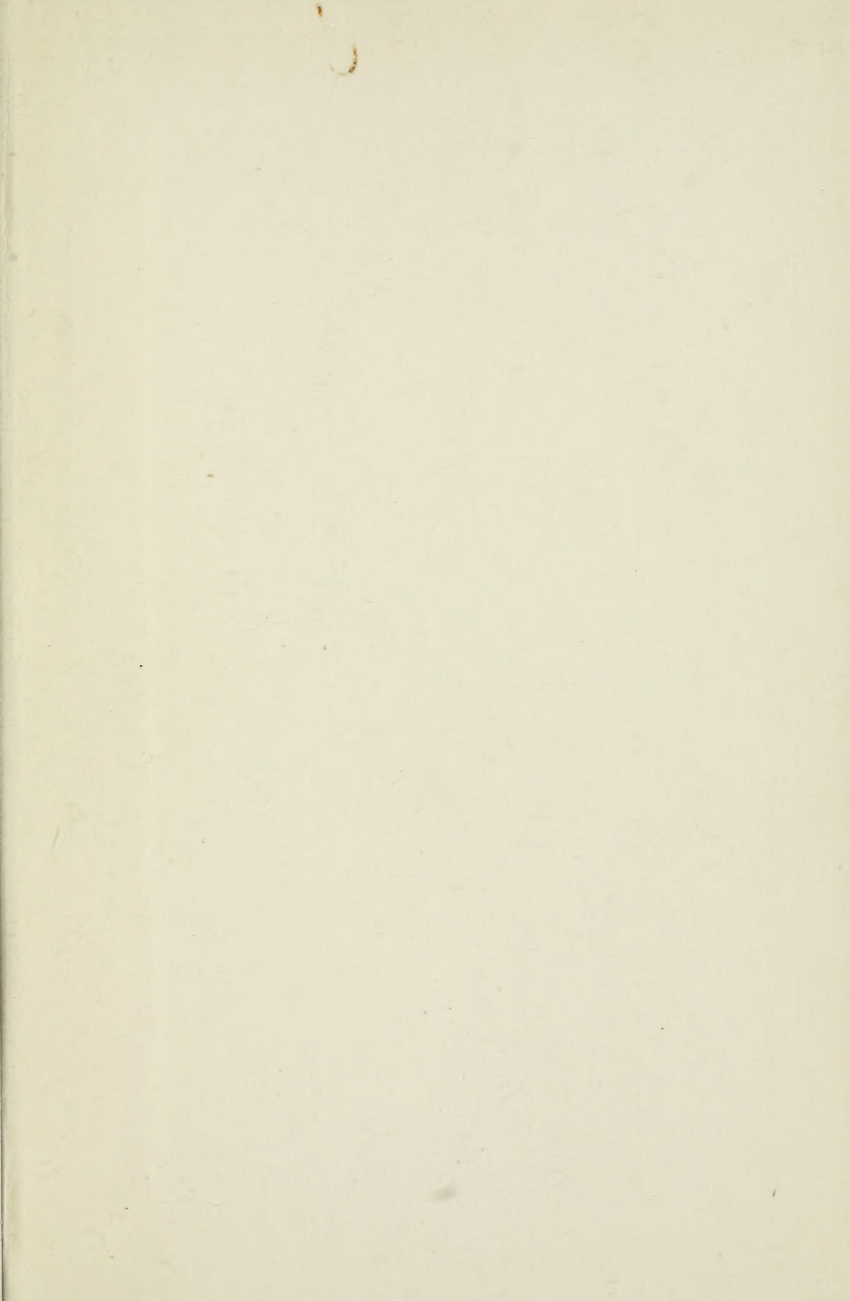
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